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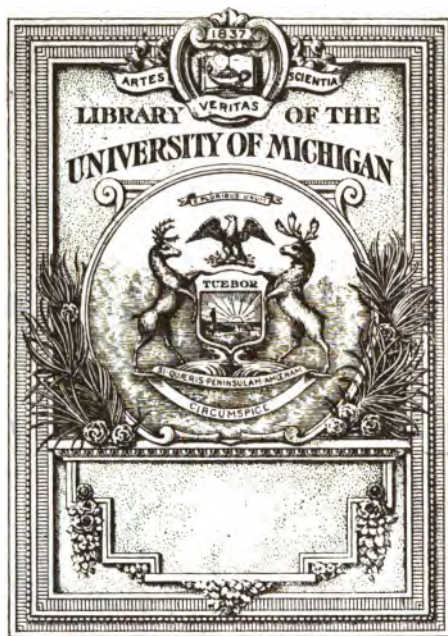
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The Academy Series of English Classics

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*SHAKESPEARE*

M A C B E T H



EDITED BY  
SAMUEL THURBER

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Boston  
ALLYN AND BACON

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SAMUEL T. LORBER

Plimpton Press  
H. M. PLIMPTON & CO., PRINTERS & BINDERS,  
NORWOOD, MASS., U.S.A.

01571872

## PREFACE.

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THE longer I teach English literature, the clearer grows my conviction that what young students of this subject need is guidance and stimulus to self-help rather than large supplies of direct information. Hence I have always disapproved,—and I disapprove to-day more strongly than ever,—of the practice of appending to English texts full elucidations of the difficulties that may check a reader's progress. For I believe that for a reader to have his progress checked, and to find himself reduced to the necessity of thinking, investigating, comparing and remembering, is educationally a most wholesome and desirable consummation. A recitation abounding in prompt and correct answers, furnished forth from the stores of the memory, is a thing to be guarded against: its smoothness is a delusion and a snare. The matter in hand is to receive light from many sources. The pedagogic art consists in focusing upon a point as many rays as a score or two of vigorous and prepared minds can give out from their stores of discoveries and conjectures.

In accordance with these convictions I have prepared this edition of *Macbeth*. Conceding so much to custom and convenience, I have called by the name of *notes* a body of matter which I have added to the text of the play: but it will be seen that these notes are, strictly, not notes at all in the conventional sense, but rather *queries*; not giving answers, but calling for them; prompting to vigi-

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lance, rather than begetting heedlessness by making vigilance unnecessary. Long habituation to information-giving notes fosters that feeling of security which is mortals' chiefest enemy. The habit of querying and responding to queries issues in scholarship. The scholar knows how to go to work. He has begun to feel at home in literature. He has learned to carry his difficulty in his mind for a season, knowing that its solution is sure.

My notes therefore are queries; with here and there a conventional note to set forth a point I deemed too remote from the range of search possible to youth. I have printed here a considerable number of the questions I would ask, and the topics for exploration I would assign, on the play of *Macbeth*. By no means, however, would I be understood as having exhausted, — or come anywhere near exhausting, — the stock of possible class-room questioning on this play. It will be easy to think of knotty Shakespearian problems much more perplexing than any I have broached. I may say, however, that I have meant, by my queries, to indicate how far it seems to me in high schools desirable to push the discussion of Shakespearian difficulties. The scope of possible querying among the easier subjects is of course practically unlimited.

To facilitate juvenile research in Shakespeare, the first requisite is free access to the *Globe* edition of the poet's works. The school should possess Globes enough for the pupils to use without restriction, some carrying the books home at night, and others finding their chance in the study hours. The Crowell Globe Shakespeare is not a handsome book, but it is cheap. The Macmillan Globe costs twice as much and is all of twice as good.



It will be seen that I have laid emphasis on the study of Shakespeare's *rhythm*. The study of English metric has been, in secondary education, most grievously neglected. I find that an ear for rhythm, even in communities reputed highly cultivated, and especially devoted to music, is almost non-existent. Multitudes of girls play the piano: but hardly one in a hundred reads verse. Multitudes sing: but the speaking voice has run wild, and rarely betrays literary culture. This is a defect in our education which I do not perceive that our pedagogical theorists recognize or care about.

But whatever may be the case in educational theory, in literary study it is to be said that vocal expression, the faculty of surrender to verse movement, the power to modulate the voice in harmony with the artistic presentation of emotion, is an element of culture of the very first importance. Notes and queries will be of but slight avail in the teaching of the art of vocal expression. Nothing will suffice here but the skill of the teacher in opening to responsive minds the secrets of poetic meaning, and in setting the living example with his own voice.

What seemed feasible in printed note or query I have, within the limited scope of my plan, undertaken to do. The Shakespearian verse is normally iambic with five accents. Departures from this norm, except in the confessed short lines, are rare, unless the poet has an obvious dramatic purpose to subserve by a change of rhythm. Thus there has been frequent occasion for calling attention to peculiarities of the Shakespearian verse management, and, occasionally, for warning against misplacement of emphasis, or against conceiving a speech wrongly as regards its tone.

Pupils genuinely interested in a play will naturally desire to distribute roles, commit the parts to memory, and enact scenes. For this exercise opportunity should be given to the fullest possible extent. If young people are expected to resort to laboratories and perform experiments in physics and chemistry, by precisely equal rights and for similar purposes they should mount the stage and assume the Shakespearian characters. The one procedure is as serious, as genuine, as deeply related to culture, as the other. The prepossession by which we regard a chemical experiment as serious business, and a histrionic experiment as merely amusing, worthy only of an hour after the school session is over, is an unfounded prejudice which must be overcome before we can begin to have great improvement in reading in our schools.

To aid in some measure the assignment of parts, I have given at the end of the book a list of the persons of the drama, with the scenes in which they appear.

As all high school pupils study some foreign language, ancient or modern, and a few are studying Old English, I have considered it right to give, on occasion, a note or a query of a purely philological nature. Pupils like, very reasonably, to apply to any subject the knowledge they have gained in some other subject. When their Latin, their German, or their French will throw light on a Shakespearian word or phrase, they should turn aside from questions purely dramatic, to discuss a point of philology. It is strange how some Shakespearians have dreaded the study of the poet's language, as if this study threw a blight upon appreciation of his literary art. Some Latin and French being taken for granted, the best preparation for the study of Shakespeare is an acquaint-

ance with the pre-Elizabethan language and literature ; and though high school pupils will seldom have this knowledge, the teacher certainly always should.

Macbeth is usually read early in the school course, and classes occupied with this tragedy will ordinarily have read only one or two other plays. Where this is the case, it will be unprofitable to undertake much comparative study of plays with plays, or to enter largely upon consideration of the development of the poet's language and versification in the successive stages of his career. These subjects are extremely interesting, but in their very nature imply the possession of more data of knowledge than the beginner can possibly command. The habit of reading without understanding, or of accepting results without having followed the processes by which the results were reached, is not to be commended.

The main thing in dealing with a play of Shakespeare in school is to induce pupils to read it forcibly and sympathetically ; to enable them to perceive and appreciate the development of character in the chief personages, and to describe this development in appropriate terms ; to teach them to note the collisions of passions and interests, and the effects of these collisions on human careers ; to let them repeat the majestic language till it sinks indelibly into the memory ; to lead them to study the poet's unapproachable diction till they come to feel, at least in some slight degree, what is the inexpressible and elusive secret of poetry itself.

SAMUEL THURBER.

*Girls' High School,*  
BOSTON, March, 1896.



# MACBETH.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.	An English Doctor.
MALCOLM, { his sons.	A Scotch Doctor.
DONALBAIN, {	A Soldier.
MACBETH, { generals of the king's	A Porter.
BANQUO, { army.	An Old Man.
MACDUFF, {	
LENNOX, {	LADY MACBETH.
ROSS, { noblemen of Scotland.	LADY MACDUFF.
MENTEITH, {	Gentlewoman attending on Lady Mac-
ANGUS, {	beth.
CAITHNESS, {	HECATE.
FLEANCE, son to Banquo.	Three Witches.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, gen-	Apparitions.
eral of the English forces.	
YOUNG SIWARD, his son.	Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers,
SEYTON, an officer attending on Mac-	Murderers, Attendants, and Messen-
beth.	gers.
Boy, son to Macduff.	SCENE : Scotland ; England.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *A desert place.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*

*First Witch.* When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

*Sec. Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

*Third Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

*First Witch.* Where the place ?

*Sec. Witch.* Upon the heath.

*Third Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

*First Witch.* I come, Graymalkin !

*Sec. Watch.* Paddock calls.

*Third Witch.* Anon.

10

*All.* Fair is foul, and foul is fair :  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

*Alarum within.* Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-  
BAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding  
Sergeant.

*Dun.* What bloody man is that ? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the sergeant  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend !  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil  
As thou didst leave it.

*Ser.* Doubtful it stood ;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald —  
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that 10  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him — from the western isles  
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied ;  
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
Showed like a rebel's whore : but all 's too weak :  
For brave Macbeth — well he deserves that name —  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Like valor's minion carved out his passage  
Till he faced the slave ; 20  
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,

Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

*Dun.* O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

*Ser.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,  
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come  
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had with valor armed  
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels, 30  
But the Norwegian lord surveying vantage,  
With furbished arms and new supplies of men  
Began a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismayed not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

*Ser.* Yes;  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize another Golgotha, 40  
I cannot tell.

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

*Dun.* So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;  
They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons.

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Who comes here?

*Enter Ross.*

*Mal.* The worthy thane of Ross.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes!

So should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

*Ross.* God save the king!

*Dun.* Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

*Ross.* From Fife, great king;

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky  
And fan our people cold. Norway himself, 50  
With terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,  
The victory fell on us.

*Dun.* Great happiness!

*Ross.* That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60  
Till he disbursed at St. Colme's inch  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Dun.* No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Ross.* I'll see it done.

*Dun.* What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A heath near Forres.

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches.

*First Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

*Sec. Witch.* Killing swine.

*Third Witch.* Sister, where thou?

*First Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her  
lap,



And munched, and munched, and munched:—‘Give me,’ quoth I:

‘Aroint thee, witch!’ the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
Her husband’s to Aleppo gone, master o’ the Tiger:  
But in a sieve I’ll thither sail,  
And, like a rat without a tail,  
I’ll do, I’ll do, and I’ll do.

10

*Sec. Witch.* I’ll give thee a wind.

*First Witch.* Thou’rt kind.

*Third Witch.* And I another.

*First Witch.* I myself have all the other,  
And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I’ the shipman’s card.  
I will drain him dry as hay:  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his pent-house lid;  
He shall live a man forbid:  
Weary se’nights nine times nine  
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:  
Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.  
Look what I have.

20

*Sec. Witch.* Show me, show me.

*First Witch.* Here I have a pilot’s thumb,  
Wrecked as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

*Third Witch.* A drum, a drum! 30  
Macbeth doth come.

*All.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about:  
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine

And thrice again, to make up nine.  
Peace! the charm's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is 't called to Forres? What are these  
So withered and so wild in their attire, 40  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her chappy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can: what are you?

*First Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of  
Glamis!

*Sec. Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of  
Cawdor!

*Third Witch.* All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king  
hereafter! 50

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace and great prediction  
Of noble having and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60  
Your favors nor your hate.

*First Witch.* Hail!

*Sec. Witch.* Hail!

*Third Witch.* Hail!

*First Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

*Sec. Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

*Third Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none :

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo !

*First Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail !

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more : 70

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis ;  
But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman ; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence ? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting ? Speak, I charge you.

[ *Witches vanish.* ]

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished ? 80

*Macb.* Into the air ; and what seemed corporal melted  
As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed !

*Ban.* Were such things here as we do speak about ?  
Or have we eaten on the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner ?

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* And thane of Cawdor too : went it not so ?

*Ban.* To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here ?

*Enter Ross and Angus.*

*Ross.* The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success ; and when he reads 90  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his : silenced with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail  
Came post with post ; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And poured them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent 100  
To give thee from our royal master thanks ;  
Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

*Ross.* And, for an earnest of a greater honor,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !  
For it is thine.

*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true ?

*Macb.* The thane of Cawdor lives : why do you dress  
me

In borrowed robes ?

*Ang.* Who was the thane lives yet ;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life 110  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined  
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He labored in his country's wreck, I know not ;

But treasons capital, confessed and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor ✓  
The greatest is behind. [*To Ross and Angus*] Thanks  
for your pains.

[*To Ban.*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to them?

*Ban.* That trusted home 120  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's  
In deepest consequence.  
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentlemen.  
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting 130  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings:  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man that function 140  
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why,  
chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honors come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould  
But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favor: my dull brain was  
wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains 150  
Are registered where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.  
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,  
The interim having weighed it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Forres. The palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,  
LENNOX, and Attendants.

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
Those in commission yet returned?

*Mal.* My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die: who did report  
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,  
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth  
A deep repentance: nothing in his life

Became him like the leaving it; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed, 10  
As 't were a careless trifle.

*Dun.* There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face :  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.*

O worthiest cousin !

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me : thou art so far before  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say, 20  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties ; and our duties  
Are to your throne and state children and servants,  
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing  
Safe toward your love and honor.

*Dun.* Welcome hither :  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor  
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known 30  
No less to have done so, let me infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*Dun.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

*Mach.* The rest is labor, which is not used for you :  
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So humbly take my leave.

*Dun.* My worthy Cawdor!

*Mach.* [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is  
a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires; 50  
Let not light see my black and deep desires:  
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*]

*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,  
And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]



SCENE V. *Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.*

*Lady M.* 'They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor ;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be  
What thou art promised : yet do I fear thy nature ;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way : thou wouldst be great ;  
Art not without ambition, but without 20  
The illness should attend it : what thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win : thou'ldst have, great  
Glamis,  
That which cries ' Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;  
And chastise with the valor of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crowned withal.

30

*Enter a Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

*Mess.* The king comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
Would have informed for preparation.

*Mess.* So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:  
One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.*

Give him tending;

He brings great news.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

40

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,

And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;

Stop up the access and passage to remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances

50

You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,

To cry 'Hold, hold!'

*Enter MACBETH.*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* And when goes hence? 60

*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady M.* O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming  
Must be provided for: and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come 70  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak further.

*Lady M.* Only look up clear;  
To alter favor ever is to fear:  
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeth's castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DON-  
ALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS,  
and Attendants.*

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,  
The air is delicate.

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Dun.* See, see, our honored hostess! 10  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady M.* All our service  
In every point twice done and then done double  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,  
And the late dignities heaped up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

*Dun.* Where's the thane of Cawdor? 20  
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guests to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*Dun.* Give me your hand ;  
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him. 30  
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Macbeth's castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage.*  
*Then enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well

It were done quickly : if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success ; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice  
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust ;  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off ; 20  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

How now ! what news ?

*Lady M.* He has almost supped : why have you left  
the chamber ?

*Macb.* Hath he asked for me ?

*Lady M.* Know you not he has ? 30

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this business :  
He hath honored me of late ; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dressed yourself ? hath it slept since ?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely ? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valor 40  
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?

*Macb.* Prithee, peace :  
I dare do all that may become a man ;  
Who dares do more is none.

*Lady M.*                      What beast was't, then,  
That made you break this enterprize to me ?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would        50  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me :  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail?

*Lady M.* We fail !  
But screw your courage to the sticking-place, 60  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep —  
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him — his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain, .  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon 70  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell ?

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only ;  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two

Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,  
That they have done 't?

*Lady M.* Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar  
Upon his death?

*Macb.* I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 80  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Court of Macbeth's castle.*

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take 't, 't is later, sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in  
heaven;

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.*

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

10

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:



He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices.  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content.

*Macb.* Being unprepared,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: 20  
To you they have showed some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure.  
*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honor for you.

*Ban.* So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counselled.

*Macb.* Good repose the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, sir: the like to you! 30

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

*Macb.* Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch  
thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse 50  
The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives: 60  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same.**Enter* LADY MACBETH.

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk hath  
made me bold ;

What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark !  
Peace !

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it :  
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores : I have drugged their  
possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

*Macb.* [*Within*] Who's there ? what, ho !

*Lady M.* Alack, I am afraid they have awaked, 10  
And 't is not done. The attempt and not the deed  
Confounds us. Hark ! I laid their daggers ready ;  
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

*Enter* MACBETH.

My husband !

*Macb.* I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a  
noise ?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream and the crickets  
cry.

Did not you speak ?

*Macb.* When ?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended ?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady M.*

Donalbain.

20

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried  
'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:  
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodged together.

*Macb.* One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the  
other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us!'

*Lady M.*

Consider it not so deeply. 30

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'

Stuck in my throat,

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no  
more!

Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast, —

*Lady M.*

What do you mean?

40

*Macb.* Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:

' Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why,  
worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more: 50  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;  
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 60  
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your color; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear  
a knocking  
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed :  
How easy is it, then ! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark !  
more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us, 70  
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 't were best not know my-  
self. [*Knocking within.*]  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou  
couldst ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

↙ *Knocking within. Enter a Porter.*

*Porter.* Here's a knocking indeed ! If a man were  
porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.  
[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock ! Who's  
there, i' the name of Beelzebub ? Here's a farmer, that  
hanged himself on the expectation of plenty : come in  
time ; have napkins enow about you ; here you'll sweat  
for't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock ! Who's  
there, in the other devil's name ? Faith, here's an equiv-  
ocator, that could swear in both the scales against either  
scale ; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet  
could not equivocate to heaven : O, come in, equivocator.  
[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock ! Who's  
there ? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for  
stealing out of a French hose : come in, tailor ; here you  
may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock,  
knock ; never at quiet ! What are you ? But this place  
is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further : I  
had thought to have let in some of all professions that

go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

*Port.* 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second  
cock.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring?

*Enter MACBETH.*

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good morrow, noble sir.

*Macb.* Good morrow, both.

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.* Not yet. 50

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him:  
I have almost slipped the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know this is a joyful trouble to you;  
But yet 't is one.

*Macb.* The labor we delight in physics pain.  
This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,  
For 't is my limited service. [*Exit.*]

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does: he did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly: where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say, 60  
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,  
And prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustion and confused events  
 New hatched to the woeful time: the obscure bird  
 Clamored the livelong night: some say, the earth  
 Was feverous and did shake.

*Macb.* 'T was a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
 A fellow to it.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart  
 Cannot conceive nor name thee!

*Macb.* } What's the matter? 70  
*Len.* }

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!  
 Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
 The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
 The life o' the building!

*Macb.* What is't you say? the life?

*Len.* Mean you his majesty?

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
 With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;  
 See, and then speak yourselves.

*[Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.]*

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!  
 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! 80  
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
 And look on death itself! up, up, and see  
 The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!  
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,  
 To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

*[Bell rings.]*



*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

*Lady M.* What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

*Macd.* O gentle lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell. 90

*Enter* BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,  
Our royal master's murdered!

*Lady M.* Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

*Ban.* Too cruel any where.  
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so.

*Re-enter* MACBETH and LENNOX with ROSS.

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees 100  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter* MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murdered.

*Mal.*

O, by whom ?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had  
done't :

Their hands and faces were all badged with blood ;

So were their daggers, which unwiped we found

Upon their pillows :

They stared, and were distracted ; no man's life

Was to be trusted with them. 110

*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so ?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and  
furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man :

The expedition of my violent love

Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden blood ;

And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers, 120

Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breeched with gore : who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make 's love known ?

*Lady M.* Help me hence, ho !

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

*Don.* [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here,  
where our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us ?

Let's away ;

Our tears are not yet brewed.

*Mal.* [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow      130  
Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady :

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :  
In the great hand of God I stand ; and thence  
Against the undivulged pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macd.* And so do I.

*All.* So all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

*All.* Well contented.      140

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*]

*Mal.* What will you do ? Let's not consort with  
them :

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

*Don.* To Ireland, I ; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer : where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,      150  
But shift away : there's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Outside Macbeth's castle.**Enter Ross and an old Man.*

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember well :  
Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange ; but this sore night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

*Ross.* Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock, 't is day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :  
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
When living light should kiss it ?

*Old M.* 'T is unnatural, 10  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,  
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

*Ross.* And Duncan's horses — a thing most strange  
and certain —  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make  
War with mankind.

*Old M.* 'T is said they eat each other.

*Ross.* They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes  
That looked upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff. 20

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, sir, now ?

*Macd.* Why, see you not ?

*Ross.* Is 't known who did this more than bloody  
deed ?

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.

*Ross.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

*Macd.* They were suborned:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stolen away and fled; which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

*Ross.* 'Gainst nature still!

Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up  
Thine own life's means! Then 't is most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

30

*Macd.* He is already named, and gone to Scone  
To be invested.

*Ross.* Where is Duncan's body?

*Macd.* Carried to Colmekill,  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

*Ross.* Will you to Scone?

*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Ross.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there:  
adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

*Ross.* Farewell, father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you; and with those 40  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[~~Exeunt.~~

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. The palace.**Enter BANQUO.*

*Ban.* Thou hast it now : king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,  
Thou playedst most foully for't : yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them —  
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine —  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope ? But hush ! no more. 10

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all-thing unbecoming.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* Let your highness  
Command upon me ; to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon ?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord. 20

*Macb.* We should have else desired your good advice,  
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,

In this day's council ; but we 'll take to-morrow.  
Is 't far you ride ?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed 30  
In England and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention : but of that to-morrow,  
When therewithal we shall have cause of state  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon 's.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift and sure of foot .  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.* 40

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night : to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you !  
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth, and an attendant.*

Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men  
Our pleasure ?

*Atten.* They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*

To be thus is nothing ;

But to be safely thus. — Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature 50  
Reigns that which would be feared : 't is much he dares ;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor  
 To act in safety. There is none but he  
 Whose being I do fear: and, under him,  
 My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,  
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters  
 When first they put the name of king upon me,  
 And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like  
 They hailed him father to a line of kings : 60  
 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
 Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,  
 No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,  
 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;  
 Put rancors in the vessel of my peace  
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
 Given to the common enemy of man,  
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings ! 70  
 Rather than so, come fate into the list,  
 And champion me to the utterance ! Who's there ?

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

*[Exit Attendant.]*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

*First Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.*

Well then, now

Have you considered of my speeches ? Know  
 That it was he in the times past which held you  
 So under fortune, which you thought had been  
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you



In our last conference, passed in probation with you, 80  
How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the instru-  
ments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else that might  
To half a soul and to a notion crazed  
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

*First Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so, and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature  
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave 90  
And beggared yours for ever?

*First Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept  
All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill 100  
That writes them all alike: and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say't;  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

*Sec. Mur.* I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed that I am reckless what 110  
I do to spite the world.

*First Mur.* And I another  
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

*Mach.* Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

*Both Mur.* True, my lord.

*Mach.* So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

*Sec. Mur.* We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

*First Mur.* Though our lives —

*Mach.* Your spirits shine through you. Within this  
hour at most  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time, 130  
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace; always thought  
That I require a clearness: and with him —

To leave no rubs nor blotches in the work —  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:  
I'll come to you anon.

*Both Mur.* We are resolved, my lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight: abide within. 140

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The palace.*

*Enter* LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?

*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his leisure  
For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will. [Exit.]

*Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content:  
'T is safer to be that which we destroy  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter* MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,  
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died 10  
With them they think on? Things without all remedy  
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

*Macb.* We have scotched the snake, not killed it:  
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, 20  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further.

*Lady M.* Come on;  
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;  
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.  
*Macb.* So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; 30  
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:  
Unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams,  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

*Lady M.* You must leave this.

*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet; they are assailable;  
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown 40  
His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons  
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady M.* What's to be done ?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale ! Light thickens ; and the crow 50  
Makes wing to the rooky wood :  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;  
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still :  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.  
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A park near the palace.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

*First Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us ?

*Third Mur.* Macbeth.

*Sec. Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers

Our offices and what we have to do  
To the direction just.

*First Mur.* Then stand with us.  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

*Third Mur.* Hark ! I hear horses.

*Ban.* [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho !

*Sec. Mur.* Then 't is he : the rest  
That are within the note of expectation 10  
Already are i' the court.

*First Mur.* His horses go about.

*Third Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

*Sec. Mur.* A light, a light!

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.*

*Third Mur.* 'T is he.

*First Mur.* Stand to't.

*Ban.* It will rain to-night.

*First Mur.* Let it come down.

[*They set upon Banquo.*

*Ban.* O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!  
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

*Third Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

*First Mur.* Was't not the way?

*Third Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

*Sec. Mur.* We have lost 20  
Best half of our affair.

*First Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is  
done. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The same. Hall in the palace.*

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH,  
ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your own degrees; sit down: at  
first  
And last the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.

*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time  
We will require her welcome.

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;  
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*First Murderer appears at the door.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts'  
thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst: 10  
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round. [*Approaching the door.*] There's  
blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without than he within.  
Is he dispatched?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's  
good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

*Mur.* Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped. 20

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again: I had else been  
perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and general as the casing air:  
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that:

There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30  
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow  
We'll hear, ourselves, again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

*Lady M.* My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold  
That is not often vouched, while 't is a-making,  
'T is given with welcome: to feed were best at home;  
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony:  
Meeting were bare without it.

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!  
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

*Len.* May 't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*]

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honor  
roofed, 40  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance!

*Ross.* His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness  
To grace us with your royal company.

*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here is a place reserved, sir.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves  
your highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord?



*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it: never shake 50  
Thy gory locks at me.

*Ross.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;  
The fit is momentary; upon a thought  
He will again be well: if much you note him,  
You shall offend him and extend his passion:  
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appal the devil.

*Lady M.* O proper stuff! 60  
This is the very painting of your fear:  
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,  
Impostors to true fear, would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how  
say you?  
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. 70  
If charnel-houses and our graves must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

*Lady M.* What, quite unmanned in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady M.* Fie, for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden  
time,  
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been performed  
Too terrible for the ear : the times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end ; but now they rise again, 80  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools : this is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

*Lady M.* My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget.  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;  
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine ; fill full.  
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ; 90  
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*Re-enter Ghost.*

*Macb.* Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! let the earth hide  
thee !  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with !

*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom : 't is no other ;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare :  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 100  
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Why, so: being gone,

I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displaced the mirth, broke the  
good meeting,  
With most admired disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be, 110  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

*Ross.* What sights, my lord?

*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and  
worse;  
Question enrages him. At once, good night:  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*Len.* Good night; and better health 120  
Attend his majesty!

*Lady M.* A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*]

*Macb.* It will have blood; they say, blood will have  
blood:  
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;  
Augurs and understood relations have

By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is  
which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person  
At our great bidding?

*Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send: 130  
There's not a one of them but in his house  
I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow,  
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,  
All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;  
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned. 140

*Lady M.* You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-  
abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V. *A Heath.*

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches meeting HECATE.

*First Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate! you look  
angrily.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth  
In riddles and affairs of death;

And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never called to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art ?  
And, which is worse, all you have done 10  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now : get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning : thither he  
Will come to know his destiny :  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms and every thing beside.  
I am for the air : this night I'll spend 20  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end :  
Great business must be wrought ere noon :  
Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;  
I'll catch it ere it comes to ground :  
And that distilled by magic sleights  
Shall raise such artificial sprites  
As by the strength of their illusion  
Shall draw him on to his confusion :  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear :  
And you all know, security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within* : ' Come away, come away,'  
&c.

Hark ! I am called ; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Exit.*

*First Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be  
back again. [*Exeunt.*]

C

SCENE VI. *Forres. The palace.*

*Enter LENNOX and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret further: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan  
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:  
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late;  
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,  
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous  
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
To kill their gracious father? damned fact! 10  
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight  
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;  
For 't would have angered any heart alive  
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well: and I do think  
That had he Duncan's sons under his key —  
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not — they should find  
What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance. 20  
But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he failed  
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear  
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.* The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,

Lives in the English court, and is received  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid 30  
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:  
That, by the help of these — with Him above  
To ratify the work — we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,  
Do faithful homage and receive free honors:  
All which we pine for now: and this report  
Hath so exasperate the king that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,' 40  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time  
That clogs me with this answer.'

*Len.* And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England and unfold  
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accursed!

*Lord.* I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

*First Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

*Sec. Witch.* Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

*Third Witch.* Harpier cries 'T is time, 't is time.

*First Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;

In the poisoned entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty one

Sweltered venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;

10

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

*Sec. Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;

20

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

*Third Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravined salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digged i' the dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat, and slips of yew

Slivered in the moon's eclipse,



Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe 30  
Ditch-delivered by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab:  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

*Sec. Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE to the other three Witches.*

*Hec.* Oh, well done! I commend your pains;  
And every one shall share i' the gains: 40  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Live elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

*[Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.*

*[Hecate retires.*

*Sec. Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.  
Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight  
hags!  
What is't you do?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess, 50  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:  
Though you untie the winds and let them fight

Against the churches ; though the yesty waves  
 Confound and swallow navigation up ;  
 Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down ;  
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;  
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
 Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure  
 Of nature's germens tumble all together,  
 Even till destruction sicken ; answer me 60  
 To what I ask you.

*First Witch.* Speak.

*Sec. Witch.* Demand.

*Third Witch.* We'll answer.

*First Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our  
 mouths,

Or from our masters ?

*Macb.* Call 'em ; let me see 'em.

*First Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
 Her nine farrow ; grease that's sweaten  
 From the murderer's gibbet throw  
 Into the flame.

*All.* Come, high or low ;  
 Thyselves and office deftly show !

*Thunder.* *First Apparition : an armed Head.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power, —

*First Witch.* He knows thy thought :  
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

*First App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware  
 Macduff ;

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

[*Descends.*]

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks ;  
 Thou hast harped my fear aright : but one word more, —



Rebellion's head rise never till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart 100  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?  
[Hautboys.]

*First Witch.* Show!

*Sec. Witch.* Show!

*Third Witch.* Show!

*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; 110  
Come like shadows, so depart!

— *A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his  
hand; Banquo's Ghost following.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!  
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.  
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!  
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?  
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more; and some I see 120  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:  
Horrible sight? Now, I see, 't is true;  
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*] What,  
is this so?

*First Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so: but why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,  
And show the best of our delights: .

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round; 130

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with  
Hecate.*]

*Macb.* Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious  
hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!

Come in, without there!

*Enter LENNOX.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord..

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride;

And damned all those that trust them! I did hear

The galloping of horse: who was't came by? 140

*Len.* 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word  
Macduff is fled to England.

*Macb.* Fled to England!

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook

Unless the deed go with it: from this moment  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.  
But no more sights! — Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Fife. Macduff's castle.*

*Enter* LADY MACDUFF, *her Son, and* Ross.

*L. Macd.* What had he done, to make him fly the  
land?

*Ross.* You must have patience, madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none:  
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

*Ross.* You know not  
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

*L. Macd.* Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his  
babes,

His mansion and his titles in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;  
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear and nothing is the love;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Ross.* My dearest coz,  
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further;  
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors  
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumor  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear, 20  
But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

*L. Macd.* Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

*Ross.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:  
I take my leave at once. [Exit.

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead: 30  
And what will you do now? How will you live?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies?

*Son.* With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net nor  
lime,  
The pitfall nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are  
not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a  
father?

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged. 50

*Son.* And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

*L. Macd.* Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father? 60

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,  
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.  
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:  
If you will take a homely man's advice,  
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.  
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; 70



To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
Which is too high your person. Heaven preserve you!  
I dare abide no longer. [Exit.

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?  
I have done no harm. But I remember now  
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm  
Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say I have done no harm?

*Enter Murderers.*

What are these faces?

*First Mur.* Where is your husband? 80

*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified  
Where such as thou may'st find him.

*First Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!

*First Mur.* What, you egg!  
[Stabbing him.

Young fry of treachery!

*Son.* He has killed me, mother:

Run away, I pray you! [Dies.

[Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder!'] *Exeunt*  
*Murderers, following her.*

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's palace.*

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

*Macd.* Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom: each new morn

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out  
Like syllable of dolor.

*Mal.* What I believe I'll wail,  
What know believe, and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10  
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well:  
He hath not touched you yet. I am young: but some-  
thing  
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom  
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb  
To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.  
A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon; 20  
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance even there where I did find my  
doubts.  
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
Without leave-taking? I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,  
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, 30  
Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country !  
Great tyranny ! lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not check thee : wear thou thy wrongs :  
The title is affeered ! Fare thee well, lord :  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended :  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke ;  
It weeps, it bleeds ; and each new day a gash 40  
Is added to her wounds : I think withal  
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;  
And here from gracious England have I offer  
Of goodly thousands : but, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be ?

*Mal.* It is myself I mean : in whom I know 50  
All the particulars of vice so grafted  
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned  
In evils to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,

Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name : but there's no bottom, none, 60  
In my voluptuousness : and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear  
That did oppose my will : better Macbeth  
Than such an one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours : you may 70  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.

*Mal.* With this there grows  
In my most ill-composed affection such  
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,  
Desire his jewels and this other's house : 80  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;  
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,  
Of your mere own : all these are portable,  
With other graces weighed. 90

*Mal.* But I have none : the king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,

Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them, but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland ! 100

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak :  
I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern !  
No, not to live. O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
And does blaspheme his breed ? Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king : the queen that bore thee,  
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banished me from Scotland. O my breast,  
Thy hope ends here !

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste : but God above 120  
Deal between thee and me ! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and

Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure  
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
 Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,  
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,  
 At no time broke my faith, would not betray  
 The devil to his fellow and delight  
 No less in truth than life: my first false speaking 130  
 Was this upon myself: what I am truly,  
 Is thine and my poor country's to command:  
 Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,  
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
 Already at a point, was setting forth.  
 Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness  
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?  
*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things at once  
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well; more anon. — Comes the king forth, I  
 pray you? 140

*Doct.* Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls  
 That stay his cure: their malady convinces  
 The great assay of art; but at his touch —  
 Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand —  
 They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

*Macd.* What's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'Tis called the evil:  
 A most miraculous work in this good king;  
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,  
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,

Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people, 150  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers : and 't is spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter Ross.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here ?

*Mal.* My countryman ; but yet I know him not. 160

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now. Good God, betimes remove  
The means that makes us strangers !

*Ross.* Sir, amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did ?

*Ross.* Alas, poor country !

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be called our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;  
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air  
Are made, not marked ; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy : the dead man's knell 170  
Is there scarce asked for who ; and good men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation  
Too nice, and yet too true !

*Mal.* What 's the newest grief ?

*Ross.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;  
Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife ?

*Ross.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children ?

*Ross.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not battered at their peace ?

*Ross.* No ; they were well at peace when I did leave  
'em.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes 't ? 180

*Ross.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor  
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;  
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :  
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be 't their comfort  
We are coming thither : gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ; 190  
An older and a better soldier none  
That Christendom gives out.

*Ross.* Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like ! But I have words  
That would be howled out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.

*Macd.* What concern they ?  
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief  
Due to some single breast ?

*Ross.* No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.



*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

*Ross.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Hum! I guess at it.

*Ross.* Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes  
Savagely slaughtered: to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven!  
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break. 210

*Macd.* My children too?

*Ross.* Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence!  
My wife killed too?

*Ross.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted:  
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children. All my pretty ones?  
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so; 220  
But I must also feel it as a man.  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine eyes 230  
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,  
Cut short all intermission; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!

*Mal.* This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:  
The night is long that never finds the day. 240

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a  
Waiting-Gentlewoman.*

*Doct.* I have two nights watched with you, but can  
perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last  
walked?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the field, I have  
seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon  
her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write  
upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to  
bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. 9

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumberry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may to me: and 't is most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. 21

*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands. 31

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One: two: why, then, 't is time to do 't. — Hell is murky! — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting. 50

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

*Lady M.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged. 60

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well, —

*Gent.* Pray God it be, sir. •

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale. — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave. 71

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. — To bed, to bed, to bed!

[*Exit.*

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds 80  
 To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets :  
More needs she the divine than the physician.  
 God, God forgive us all ! Look after her ;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance.  
 And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night :  
 My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.  
 I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.*

Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.* *α' (c)*

*Drum and colors. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS,  
 ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
 His uncle Siward and the good Macduff :  
 Revenges burn in them ; for their dear causes  
 Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm  
 Excite the mortified man.

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood  
 Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

*Caith.* Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother ?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not : I have a file  
 Of all the gentry : there is Siward's son,  
 And many unrough youths that even now 10  
 Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.*

What does the tyrant ?

*Caith.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :  
Some say he's mad ; others that lesser hate him  
 Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,  
 He cannot buckle his distempered cause  
 Within the belt of rule. *7*

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title 20  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame  
His pestered senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself for being there ?

*Caith.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 't is truly owed :  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,  
And with him pour we in our country's purge  
Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30  
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?  
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus :  
'Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that's born of woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false  
thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures :

The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. 10

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon !  
Where got'st thou that goose look ?

*high-collared  
patch*

*Serv.* There is ten thousand —

*Macb.* Geese, villain ?

*Serv.* Soldiers, sir.

*Macb.* Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch ?  
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

*Serv.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*]

Seyton ! — I am sick at heart,  
When I behold — Seyton, I say ! — This push 20  
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have lived long enough : my way of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf ;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
Seyton !

*semy, ty  
vict*

*Enter SEYTON.*

*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure ?

*Macb.* What news more ? 30

*Sey.* All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be  
hacked.

Give me my armor.

*Sey.*

'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.*

I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses; skirr the country round;  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.  
How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.*

Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.*

Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

40

*Doct.*

Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.

Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff.  
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.  
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast  
The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again. — Pull 't off, I say. —  
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour 'these English hence? Hear'st thou of  
them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

*Macb.*

Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

60

conscience  
for lady Macb  
infants  
w. & a. g. m.



*Doct.* [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV. Country near Birnam wood.

*Drum and colors.* Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching.

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand  
That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough  
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

*Soldiers.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before 't.

*Mal.* 'T is his main hope: 10  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt,  
And none serve with him but constrained things  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Siw.* The time approaches  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have and what we owe.

*prophecy fulfilled*

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: 20  
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

*Enter* MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, *with drum and colors.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie  
Till famine and the ague eat them up:  
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within.*]

What is that noise?

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*]

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
The time has been, my senses would have cooled  
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair 11  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in't: I have supped full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

*Re-enter SEYTON.*

Wherefore was that cry?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have died hereafter;  
There should have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day 20

To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

who his  
moral mind  
life is a waste of time

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

*Mess.* Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

30

*Macb.* Well, say, sir.

*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar and slave!

*Mess.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:  
Within this three mile you may see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
I pull in resolution, and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.

40

? { I gin to be aweary of the sun,  
 And wish the estate o' the world were now undone. 50  
 Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
 At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

? SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle.*

*Drum and colors. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MAC-  
 DUFF, and their Army, with boughs.*

*Mal.* Now near enough: your leafy screens throw  
 down,

And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,  
 Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
 Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we  
 Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,  
 According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak; give them all  
 breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. 10  
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarums. Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
 But, bear-like, I must fight the 'course. What's he  
 That was not born of woman? Such a one  
 Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young SIWARD.*

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Siw.* No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword  
10

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight and young Siward is slain.*]

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandished by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; 20  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not. [Exit. *Alarums.*

*Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord; the castle's gently rendered:  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;

*Siward  
MacDuff*

The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
 The day almost itself professes yours,  
 And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
 That strike beside us.

*Siv.* Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarums.*]

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field.*

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
 On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes  
 Do better upon them.

*Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn!

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
 But get thee back; my soul is too much charged  
 With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words:  
 My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain  
 Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.]

*Macb.* Thou lovest labor:  
 As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
 With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed: 10  
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
 To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm;  
 And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
 Untimely ripped.

*Mach.* Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
 For it hath cowed my better part of man!  
 And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
 That palter with us in a double sense;  
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
 And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

See back  
 of "keynote"  
 20

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
 And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:  
 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
 Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,  
 'Here may you see the tyrant.'

*Mach.* I will not yield,  
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 30  
 And thou opposed, being of no woman born,  
 Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
 I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,  
 And damned be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'

[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colors, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

*Siw.* Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,  
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

*Ross.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:  
 He only lived but till he was a man; 40  
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed  
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
 But like a man he died.

*Siw.* Then he is dead?

*Ross.* Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of  
sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?

*Ross.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a fairer death: *Do you think him cold?*

And so, his knell is knolled.

He's worth more sorrow, 50

And that I'll spend for him.

*Siw.*

He's worth no more:

They say he parted well, and paid his score:

And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.*

*Macd.* Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where  
stands *stage?*

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:

I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,

That speak my salutation in their minds;

Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:

Hail, King of Scotland!

*All.*

Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*]

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of time 60

Before we reckon with your several loves,

And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland

In such an honor named. What's more to do,

Which would be planted newly with the time,

As calling home our exiled friends abroad

That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;



Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands 70  
Took off her life; this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time and place:  
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

Calcom? Sâlis?

A list of the persons of the drama, with the scenes in which they appear.

DUNCAN . . . . .	I, 2, 4, 6.
MALCOLM . . . . .	I, 2, 4, 6; II, 3; III, 1, 2, 4; IV, 1; V, 3, 5, 7, 8.
DONALBAIN . . . . .	I, 2, 4, 6; II, 3.
MACBETH . . . . .	I, 3, 4, 5, 7; II, 1, 2, 3; III, 1, 2, 4; IV, 1; V, 3, 5, 7, 8.
BANQUO . . . . .	I, 3, 4, 6; II, 1, 3; III, 1, 3.
MACDUFF . . . . .	I, 6; II, 3, 4; IV, 3; V, 4, 6, 7, 8.
LENNOX . . . . .	I, 2, 4, 6; II, 3; III, 1, 4, 6; IV, 1; V, 2, 4.
ROSS . . . . .	I, 2, 3, 4, 6; II, 3, 4; III, 1, 4; IV, 2, 3, 4, 8.
MENTEITH . . . . .	V, 2, 4.
ANGUS . . . . .	I, 3, 4, 6; V, 2, 4.
CAITHNESS . . . . .	V, 2, 4.
FLANCE . . . . .	II, 1; III, 3.
SIWARD . . . . .	V, 4, 6, 7, 8.
Young SIWARD . . . . .	V, 4, 7.
SEYTON . . . . .	V, 3, 5.
Boy, son to Macduff . . . . .	IV, 2.
An English Doctor . . . . .	IV, 3.
A Scotch Doctor . . . . .	V, 1, 3.
A sergeant . . . . .	I, 2.
A porter . . . . .	II, 3.
An old man . . . . .	II, 4.
Lady MACBETH . . . . .	I, 5, 6, 7; II, 2, 3; III, 1, 2, 4; V, 1.
Lady MACDUFF . . . . .	IV, 2.
Gentlewoman . . . . .	V, 1.
Hecate . . . . .	III, 5; IV, 1.
Three witches . . . . .	I, 1, 3; III, 5; IV, 1.
Apparitions . . . . .	IV, 1.
Ghost of Barquo . . . . .	III, 4.
Lords . . . . .	III, 4.
A Lord . . . . .	III, 6.
Attendant . . . . .	III, 1.—V, 3.
A messenger . . . . .	I, 5.—IV, 2.—V, 5.
First murderer . . . . .	III, 1, 3, 4.
Second murderer . . . . .	III, 1, 3.
Third murderer . . . . .	III, 3.
Other murderers . . . . .	IV, 2.

## NOTES.

Macbeth belongs to the year 1606, or to the middle of the second half of the period of Shakespeare's literary activity. The plays to which it stands nearest in point of time are the other great tragedies, — Othello, Lear, and Antony and Cleopatra.

The source of the plot is the history, or chronicle, of Holinshed, a writer contemporary with the poet. Inquisitive students will be interested to look up the story in Holinshed, and to note the freedom with which Shakespeare has dealt with the facts given him by his authority, and to what extent he has mingled with them matter of his own invention. Those whose curiosity leads them to investigate the sources of a number of the plays, — as it is easy to do in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, — will find the general topic of the poet's indebtedness to other writers a profitable subject of discussion.

### ACT I.

#### Scene 1.

The metre of the scene may be regarded as consistently four-beat iambic, with the initial light syllable frequently lacking. Then verses 2 and 12, with the verse which the two half-lines numbered 8 and 9 may be considered to form, are regularly octosyllabic, while the other verses begin with the accent and have but seven syllables each. *Meet* in 7 may be expanded into two syllables (see Ham. i, 3, 8); and *hover* in 12, instead of making a double light beginning of the verse, is to be reduced to a single syllable, like the words *over* and *ever*, which are often printed and spoken with elision of the *v*.

3. On the word *hurlyburly* compare, 1 Hen. IV, v, 1, 78; 2 Hen. IV, iii, 1, 25; John, iii, 4, 169. With what events of the play do you connect *hurlyburly* and *battle*?

11. Consider whether, in confusing fair and foul, the witches are to be interpreted in the same way that Macbeth is, i, 3, 38.

### Scene 2.

3. Consider the possibility of reading *sergeant* with three syllables: so in line 5 make two syllables of *hail*, and in line 34 three syllables of *captains* ("capitains"). Is it best to resort to these expedients, or shall we let the blank verse halt?

7. The verse must be allowed to be one of only four accents. Note that it has a pause in the middle.

13. Of *kerns* and *gallow-glasses* is supplied. See M. of V. ii, 2, 24; v, 1, 297; Mac. iii, 6, 27.

18. The ending *tion* here, and in 25, below, must be resolved into two syllables. This peculiarity will need no further mention. In line 57 a word of two syllables must be contracted into one.

30. Look up the other instances of the use of *skipping*, and infer its meaning: — L. L. Lost, v, 2, 771; Mer. of Ven. ii, 2, 196; T. Night, i, 5, 214; 1 Hen. IV, iii, 2, 60.

37. To bring the verse to the measure, reduce *cannons* to one syllable, and *overcharged* to two: — *as cann'ns o'ercharged*. Some texts remove *as they* from the verse, and put these words in a short line by themselves.

39. Comment on the adjective in this line and on the verb in 18.

44. See in Cæsar, v, 5, 46, the noun which has developed from *smack* by palatalization of the guttural, just as from *break*, *bake*, *speak*, *stick*, *make*, *wake*, have developed *breach*, etc. So in Prospero's *Fill all thy bones with aches*, *make thee roar*, *aches* is a dissyllabic noun with palatal consonant; while in the Nurse's *Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!* *aches* is a monosyllabic verb with the modern pronunciation.

45. *thane*, a word used 27 times in this play, but found nowhere else in the poet's works. How may this fact be accounted for?

The line must be considered as lacking the initial light syllable.

If you know German enough to call the first syllable by its German name, *Auftakt*, you will find the word convenient in discussing metric peculiarities.

54. *lapped*, used here in the same sense as in Rich. III, ii, 1, 115, and in Cymbeline, v, 5, 360, is to be distinguished etymologically, as well as in meaning, from *lap* in line 4 of the next scene, and from *laps* in Temp. ii, 1, 288.

58. To save the verse from the necessity of being read as an alexandrine, consider whether the last two syllables of *happiness* cannot be slurred in rapid pronunciation, just as if they formed a double light ending.

### Scene 3.

1-69. With regard to the metric form of the verse spoken by the witches, describe its peculiarities as differing from the normal verse of the dialogue. What dramatic purpose may we ascribe to the poet in making the witch-scenes so different to the reader's ear from the language of the human speakers?

20. *pent-house lid*. See L. L. Lost, iii, 1, 17.

23. *dwindle, peak and pine*. A good illustration of the way in which a word of infrequent occurrence is often explained by collocation with words more familiar. In Hamlet, ii, 2, 594, and Mer. Wives, iii, 5, 71, *peak* is used figuratively. See also 1 Hen. IV, iii, 3, 3.

32. *The weird sisters*. Observe as you read the play the different designations applied by the various speakers to the witches, and by the witches to each other. Are these supernatural beings called by the same name in the stage directions and in the text?

The word *weird* is found nowhere in the poet's works besides in this play. It is very apt to be misused by careless writers. Consider its origin and true meaning. The word is also to be considered, in each instance of its use, with reference to the number of its syllables. Scan this line, first as consisting of iambs, and then as consisting of trochees, and decide whether the iambic or the trochaic effect is the better.

42. *Live you? or are you aught That man may question?* Note that the second clause virtually repeats the first, and that the

two clauses therefore constitute but one question. In line 53, below, on the other hand, the two interrogative clauses are used disjunctively; that is, the second expresses the contrary of the first. To read these questions properly you must understand this distinction.

51. Is Macbeth's starting necessarily to be interpreted as indicating consciousness of guilt?

53. Are ye fantastical, or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? The word *fantastical* here is sufficiently defined by the following adversative question. See this word used again in the same sense in line 139 of this scene.

57. On the meaning of *rapt* compare *Macb.* i, 3, 142; i, 5, 6; *Tempest*, i, 2, 77; *Timon*, i, 1, 19.

60-61. On the construction compare *Ham.* iii, 1, 159.

72. Consider whether lines 72-76 are not inconsistent with scene 2, lines 52-57. Recollect that the dramatists of Shakespeare's day were accustomed to help each other in the production of plays, and that Shakespeare at least had no pride of authorship to make him jealous of other men's mingling their work with his. From this looseness of structure in the plays, what may we infer concerning the character of the public that the poet had in view?

76. Observe the Shakespearian use of the word *owe*, and compare its earlier and its modern range of meaning.

84. What plant the poet had in mind cannot be definitely ascertained. But he had just read in his Plutarch the following story of what befell Marc Antony's soldiers in Parthia:—"They were compelled to live of hearbes and rootes, but they found few of them that men do commonly eate of, and were inforced to tast of them that were never eaten before: among the which, there was one that killed them, and made them out of their wits. For he that had once eaten of it, his memory was gone from him, and knew no manner of thing, but only busied himselfe in digging and hurling of stones from one place to another, as though it had been a matter of great waight, and to be done with all possible speed. All the campe over, men were busily stooping to the ground, digging and carying of stones from one place to another," etc., etc.

92-93. Name in usual forms of speech the emotions which

contended in Duncan. Are these emotions such as by their nature come into conflict with each other, or are they merely contending for the supremacy? What is the final effect of this contention on Duncan?

106. addition. So in *Wives*, ii, 2, 312; *Ham.* i, 4, 20; ii, 1, 48.

112. line, as in 1 *Hen. IV*, ii, 3, 86; *Hen. V*, ii, 4, 7.

120. home: as in *Lear*, iii, 3, 13; *Hamlet*, iii, 3, 29; *Cymbeline*, iii, 5, 92; and frequently elsewhere.

130-142. Comment on the general purpose, in plays, of soliloquies and asides. Show how this aside of Macbeth accomplishes its purpose with reference to our understanding of motives, and how it is made to enhance the impressiveness of the action. With Macbeth's soliloquy compare that of Brutus, *Jul. Cæs.* ii, 1, 63-69.

140. Shakes so my single state of man. The word single is perhaps used here simply as a term of disparagement or depreciation, as in i, 6, 16, this play; *Cor.* ii, 1, 40; *Tempest*, i, 2, 432. On the expression state of man the best possible commentary will be the other instances where the poet uses it, — *Jul. Cæs.* ii, 1, 67; *King Henry V*, i, 2, 183.

144. What part of the verb is come?

#### Scene 4.

8. the leaving it. Show wherein this phrase is grammatically incorrect.

9. studied in his death. Compare *M.* of *V.* ii, 2, 205.

26. everything safe toward your love and honor: — Everything sure to express the love and honor which we bear you. So paraphrased by Schmidt, who remarks that the passage is purposely obscure and strained.

42, 44, 45. Describe the metric peculiarity which each of these verses illustrates.

48-53. Compare Macbeth's *aside* with his speeches in the scene.

54-58. What are we to infer from Duncan's, — *True, worthy Banquo!* Sum up, so far as is now possible, the character of

Duncan. Describe his feelings towards Macbeth, and Macbeth's feelings towards him.

### Scene 5.

1-13. Why should letters that have to be introduced into the dialogue of the plays be uniformly given in prose? Observe the other uses to which prose is applied, and see if you can deduce from isolated cases any principle that may have governed the poet in the matter.

What may the present letter be considered as suggesting with reference to the lapse of time in the preceding scenes?

16-74. Discuss the traits of character which Lady Macbeth ascribes to her husband, and those which she reveals in herself.

Particularly to be noted is the elevation of the language, which, though nowhere obscure, is infinitely removed from the commonplace of daily life. Consider whether a Shakespearian tragedy is meant to be a transcript of conversations such as take place among actual persons. For what purpose does the poet use language so intensely figurative? What do you find to be the effect on your own mind of his manner of expression?

17, 21. In each of these lines note the extra light syllable in the middle of the verse before a pause.

18. On the milk of human kindness, compare Mac. iv, 3, 93.

21. Illness cannot be explained from any other instance of the word in the plays. But infer its meaning from Mac. ii, 3, 135; John, iv, 1, 7.

26. Expand the long vowel of *his* into two syllables.

39-40. Compare these lines with 3-9 in the next scene. Lady Macbeth's raven, — Banquo's martlet; what do these birds typify?

40. Pronounce *entrance* with three syllables, as if it were *enterance*.

49. The line has a double light ending, and is not an alexandrine.

### Scene 6.

1-9. Explain the dramatic purpose of the speeches of Duncan and Banquo. Compare this entire scene with the previous one as setting forth contrasts of character and temper.



10-14. Duncan's language is certainly tortuous. The course of the thought seems to be as follows.—I have accustomed myself to receive with demonstrations of gratitude even those expressions of my subjects' good-will which really I found tedious and troublesome. And now that I am troubling you with my presence and that of my train, I commend to you my own example, begging you to be thankful for my imposition of care upon you, in view of the fact that even this annoyance I sincerely intended as a token of love and honor.

13. God 'ild. See the phrase, with the verb contracted, as here, *Hamlet*, iv, 5, 41, *As You Like It*, iii, 3, 76; v, 4, 56; and with the verb in full; *Ant. and Cle.* iv, 2, 83. The apparent direct object of the verb in this sense is an original dative.

19. *heaped up to them.* For the meaning of *to compare* iii, 1, 52; *Lucrece*, 1589; *John*, i, 1, 144.

20. *We rest your hermits.* Recall Keats's

"Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite."

26. *in compt.* Compare *Merchant*, iii, 2, 157.

### Scene 7.

1-28. Point out the elements of consistency between the revelations of character made by Macbeth in this soliloquy, and the characterizations of him by his wife in scene 5.

16-20. Compare Oliver's confession of the good qualities in Orlando, *As You Like It*, i, 1, 172-180.

45. The *adage* exists in various forms. It is among Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1566: 'The cate would eate fishe, and would not wet her feete.'

59. *We fail!* In reading these words of Lady Macbeth, it becomes necessary to decide, or, at least, to discuss, the question, whether they are meant to express indignant rejection of the idea of failure, or simple fatalistic purpose calmly to accept the consequences, if failure is to befall the enterprise. Which way of reading seems the more natural? Which do you like the better?

64. *convince*: in the same sense as in iv, 3, 142, and in *Cymbeline*, i, 4, 104.

71. His spongy officers. Recall Portia's description of the "young German," *Mer. of Ven.* i, 2.

77. The word *other* is frequently used by the poet in ways now obsolete. With this instance compare *Ham.* i, 1, 108; *Oth.* iv, 2, 13. See also *Mac.* i, 3, 14; *Lear*, i, 4, 221.

79. Account for the change in Macbeth's mind that has taken place between lines 31 and 79.

## ACT II.

### Scene 1.

4-9. The possible meanings of Banquo's heavy summons, and of his cursed thoughts, are most interesting subjects of discussion. Is it to be surmised that Banquo too has been contemplating the possibility of hastening by means of crime the consummation of the witches' prophecy in behalf of his family? Note his confession in line 20. Does anything in his subsequent conduct justify us in supposing that at this time he suspects Macbeth's intentions? What are the bearings, as regards this point, of his speech, 26-29? Try to find that explanation of Banquo's perturbation which shall be most consistent with the data furnished by the play.

5. *Take thee that too.* — See the same grammatical peculiarity, *Wint. Tale*, iii, 3, 118; *Much Ado*, iv, 1, 24, and elsewhere. Is *thee* to be regarded as a relic of the ancient dative, or as the result of the tendency of the language to find, for close connection with the imperative, a pronoun form that should be less emphatic than *thou*?

For a hint of Banquo's meaning in these words, see *Hamlet*, v, 2, 152.

17. *Shut up in measureless content.* The meaning of the expression cannot be determined by comparison with any similar usage in the poet's works or elsewhere. Does *shut up* have reference to Duncan's shutting of his door for the night, or is it used figuratively, with some such meaning as, — *wrapped himself up*? The question can be discussed, but not decided.

31-64. Note the circumstances that invite comparison between Macbeth and Banquo. Banquo has with him his son, Macbeth has a servant; and each attendant carries a torch. Do they also dismiss these companions in similar fashion? Compare Banquo's, "Take thee that too," with Macbeth's, "Is this a dagger which I see before me?"

### Scene 2.

15-20. May it not be that these short speeches, being spoken, as regards Macbeth himself, in extreme trepidation, are intended to be lacking in coherence?

20-74. Do you discover in the scene any touch of natural kindness in Lady Macbeth? Comment on Macbeth's series of metaphors, which is apparently going to be endless, and Lady Macbeth's interruption of it with her, "What do you mean?" Be on the watch for other instances of this exuberance of figurative speech in Macbeth. As the previous scene contrasted Macbeth and Banquo, so this contrasts what characters, and with what results?

28. *Listening their fear.* See *Cæsar*, iv, 1, 41, and compare 2 *Hen. IV.*, i, 1, 29.

37. *The ravelled sleeve of care.* See the dictionary on *sleeve*, and compare *Troi.* and *Cress.* v, 1, 35.

63. *Making the green one red.* Be exceedingly careful in finding the place for the pause in this passage.

67-68. *Your constancy Hath left you unattended.* Consider how the participle renders figurative an expression which without it would have conveyed the same thought, but would have been literal.

### Scene 3.

1-46. The porter-scene, though to an Elizabethan audience it was by no means offensive, cannot be presented on the modern stage. For what dramatic reasons is some such scene desirable? Consider Shakespeare's liking for strong contrasts, and his recognition of the necessity of effectually lowering the pitch of feeling in his auditors when emotion has for some time been kept at a high tension.

The poet Schiller could not endure Shakespeare's Porter, but created a very different one of his own for his German *Macbeth*. The German porter sings beautiful verses in a lofty religious strain. Schiller's porter-scene should, by those who read German, by all means be looked up in the original; but Mr. Furness's translation in his *Variorum* edition of the play will suffice for those who must have it in English. Compare Schiller's porter with Shakespeare's. Is the beauty of Schiller's verses relevant to the question of their appropriateness in the play? Does the play, as a whole, gain by the change made by Schiller?

1-2. If a man were porter of hell-gate. Are these words of the porter merely wild and wanton, or may they be conceived as shadowing the kind of gate at which he is actually porter?

2. old turning the key. The word *old*, used by the poet in familiar style to amplify the essential meaning of a noun, or to convey the idea of great quantity, is perhaps not yet, in colloquial language, quite obsolete. See *Merry Wives*, i, 4, 5; *Merchant*, iv, 2, 15; *Much Ado*, v, 2, 98. See also note on *modern*, iv, 3, 170. Note also Prospero's *aged cramps*, *Temp.* iv, 261.

6. napkins, as usually in Shakespeare. So in *Hamlet*, v, 2, 299.

16. at quiet: So in *Judges*, xviii, 27.

57. my limited service. See *Meas.* for *Meas.* iv, 2, 176; *John*, v, 2, 123.

63. confused events New hatched to the woful time. Explain the bearing of these words of Lennox.

64. the obscure bird. Compare *Jul. Cæs.* i, 3, 26.

74-75. See note on iii, 1, 18-20.

122. their daggers unmannerly breeched with gore. It is not possible to find a parallel expression that shall satisfactorily explain this use of the word *breeched*. The most obvious interpretation is, — *covered as with breeches*.

131. Nor our strong sorrow Upon the foot of motion. So *Publius*, *Jul. Cæs.* iii, 1, 86, and *Hermia*, *M. N. Dream*, iii, 2, 344.

132. when we have our naked frailties hid. Understand in the same way the words of *Macbeth*, line 139.

146-147. The near in blood, The nearer bloody. Both the

adverbs are obviously in the comparative. Ascertain which is the primitive, and which the derived, form. See Rich. II, v, 1, 88; iii, 2, 64; Wint. Tale, iv, 4, 442.

#### Scene 4.

7. Comment on the metaphor.

10. Remember to avoid making an alexandrine wherever possible.

10-20. Compare Jul. Cæs. i, 3, 1-40.

14, 17. What metric peculiarity have these lines in common?

28. ravin up. Compare Meas. for Meas. i, 2, 133.

### ACT III.

#### Scene 1.

18-20. For ever knit.

Ride you this afternoon?

Ay, my good lord.

A good instance of what Mr. Abbott calls an *amphibious section*, — the first two groups constituting a perfect verse, and the last two constituting another, while the middle group does duty in both verses. Instances of the amphibious section have already occurred in the play, and others will yet occur.

22. still, in a sense extremely frequent in the English of Shakespeare's day. See Wint. Tale, iv, 4, 136; Hamlet, ii, 2, 42.

26. go not my horse the better, etc. Abbott, Shak. Gram., suggests that Banquo regards his horse as racing with the night, so that *the better* means, the better of the two.

Note the subjunctive verb and the inverted order of the clause. See a condition similarly expressed in Merchant, iii, 2, 20 and 61; John, iii, 3, 31. See also Scott's Last Minstrel, I, xxiii. Coleridge, in the Piccolomini, ii, 1, has the sentence, — "Break one string, A second is in readiness."

44. while then. *While* here appears strange in respect to its meaning and the part of speech to which it belongs. Compare Twelfth Night, iv, 3, 29.

God be with you. As is usually the case with this phrase, it has to be contracted in reading, whether contraction be indicated in the type or not. See v, 8, 53.

55-57. Shakespeare had read in his North's Plutarch, life of Marcus Antonius, the following account of the relations between Octavius Cæsar and Antony: — "In all manner of sports and exercises, wherein they passed the time away the one with the other: Antonius was ever inferior unto Cæsar, and always lost, which grieved him much. With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and iudge of mens nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or also for that he found it so by his art, told Antonius plainely, that his fortune (which of it selfe was excellent good, and very great) was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's fortune: and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company and to get him as far from him as he could. For thy Demon, said he, (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that keepeth thee) is affraid of his: and being courageous and high when he is alone, becommeth feareful and timorous when he cometh near unto the other. . . . Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cockfight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another; Cæsar's cockes or quailles did ever overcome."

72. Determine whether utterance here, and in Cymbeline, iii, 1, 73, is, either in origin or in meaning, the same word as in Hamlet, iii, 2, 378, and Cæsar, iii, 2, 226.

80. passed in probation. The meaning of *probation* is perfectly illustrated in Othello, iii, 3, 365.

81. borne in hand: so in Hamlet, ii, 2, 67.

92-101. What is the difference between a *catalogue* and a *valued file*? Comment on the *voice of valued*. See v, 2, 8.

92-108. Describe the artifices by which Macbeth seeks to instil into the murderers a feeling of personal vengeance against his victim.

121. For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down.

Consider whether the verbs wail and struck refer to acts that have

taken place or to acts that are only imagined. The mood of these verbs will depend on the nature of the acts which they describe. If their mood is the indicative, do they not make Macbeth reveal to the murderers his own assassination of Duncan? Schiller translates *struck* by *schläge*. *For* had better be regarded as a preposition, with the same meaning as in Cæs. iii, 2, 14: then wail is in the first person, with the sense, *I should have to wail*.

133. I require a clearness. Does he mean that he shall require clear proof of Banquo's death, or that he requires, in any event, to be kept clear from suspicion of the crime?

### Scene 2.

13. We have scotched the snake. See Coriolanus, iv, 5, 198.

22. In restless ecstasy. Give the Shakespearian definitions of the word *ecstasy*, after noting its meaning in this passage, in Hamlet, iii, 4, 138, 139; iii, 1, 168; Tempest, iii, 3, 108, and then in Merchant, iii, 2, 112.

30. Compare, as to metre, i, 5, 40.

32. In consequence of obvious defect in the text, the passage cannot be construed, though its meaning is clear.

42. The shard-borne beetle. See Ant. and Cleo. iii, 2, 19; Cymbeline, iii, 3, 20. Is the poet's entomology satisfactory?

Has Macbeth taken his wife into his confidence in planning the murder of Banquo? Would Lady Macbeth's account of her husband, i, 5, 16-31, be an adequate description of him at the present moment? Describe his mood as revealed in this scene.

### Scene 3.

1. Can the presence of a third murderer be accounted for on any other supposition than that it was Macbeth himself? What motives would have brought him there? Do the time-indications offer any objections to this view of the case?

### Scene 4.

2. Avoid giving the line six accents. As you deal with *welcome* here, so deal with it in line 35; and as you deal with *majesty*



here, so deal with it again in line 121. Similarly, line 37 is to be scanned with five accents, — not with six.

14. 'Tis better thee without than he within. An instance of confusion of cases due to phonetic similarity. See this subject interestingly discussed by Henry Sweet, *New English Grammar*.

22. Of what aspect of *marble* could the poet have been thinking, that he should use it as the type of wholeness?

35. to feed were best at home. But see line 59. Compare *Hamlet*, iv, 4, 35; *As You Like It*, i, 1, 20; *Tempest*, iii, 3, 49. Did *feed* have the same connotations to Shakespeare that it has to us?

Give a paraphrase of this speech of Lady Macbeth.

46. The table's full. With the ghost of Banquo compare the *Hamlet* ghost of Act I and that of Act III.

58. Are you a man? Are the words addressed by Lady Macbeth to her husband from this point to line 121 heard by the rest of the company?

64. Impostors to true fear: *to* in the same sense as in *Hen. VIII*, v, 4, 9; *Tempest*, i, 2, 480; *Hamlet*, i, 2, 140; *Paradise Lost*, vi, 668.

66. Authorized by her grandam. See the only other instance of Shakespeare's use of *authorized*, in *Lover's Complaint*, 104. From these two passages settle the accent of the word, and note whether in the two cases it has the same meaning.

67. When all's done. Compare *M. N. Dream*, iii, 1, 16; *Twelfth Night*, ii, 3, 31.

72. Our monuments shall be the maws of kites. See the *Faerie Queene*, II, viii, 16.

85. Do not muse at me. Examine other constructions of the verb *muse*, and sum up the poet's usage: *Tempest*, iii, 3, 36; *Two Gent.* i, 3, 64; ii, 1, 176.

105. If trembling I inhabit them. 'So all the folios agree that we shall read the passage. The most nearly literal meaning of it would seem to be, — *If, when dared to the desert, I through fear remain at home*. Various changes of reading have been proposed, and may be seen in the Cambridge edition and in Furness.

124. Augurs and understood relations. An obscure passage,



whose meaning plainly is:—augurs,—or soothsayers,—who understand the relations of things,—or the mysteries of nature.

142. See note on v, 8, 70.

142–144. The simple language of the last line sufficiently explains the somewhat complicated expressions of the two preceding ones.

### Scene 5.

1–36. Compare, metrically, the language of Hecate here and in iv, 1, 39–43, with the incantation verses of the witches, iv, 1, 1–38. How many syllables has *Hecate*?

32. Define *security* as used here.

Discuss the purpose of the scene. How has it affected the interest of the spectators in the fate of the hero of the tragedy?

### Scene 6.

1–24. Describe the tone of Lennox's speech.

8. Who cannot want the thought how monstrous, etc. Devise readings which shall make the line express its obvious meaning without deranging its rhythm. Compare *Mer. of Ven.* v, 1, 203–206. What metric defect is there in the line as it stands, and how can this defect be remedied?

35. Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives. Reconstruct the line by changing the order of the words without hurting the rhythm. So some editors venture to print it.

38. Hath so exasperate the king. See 1 *Hen.* IV, v, 1, 72; *Troi. and Cres.* i, 3, 125; *Merch.* v, 1, 11; *Rich.* III, iii, 7, 127. Infer from these instances a principle of Shakespearian usage.

41. turns me his back. See the same construction, *Merchant*, i, 3, 85; *Meas. for Meas.* ii, 1, 121; *Jul. Cæs.* i, 2, 267; iii, 3, 20.

What new and all-important interest is introduced with this scene into the play?

## ACT IV.

## Scene 1.

1-3. Note the animals to which the witches appeal as their attendants or familiars, and recall the similar references by two of the witches in Act I, Scene 1. — Harpier cannot be understood. It is usual to think of it as meaning *harp*.

6. What is lacking to the verse, and how can the defect be supplied?

11. See Two Gent. i, 2, 30; Merchant, ii, 9, 63; Jul. Cæs. iii, 1, 171.

24. *ravined* may mean simply *ravenous*, by a confusion of voice common in Shakespearian English; or it may mean, *glutted with prey*.

50. With this line compare Two Gent. ii, 7, 2; Meas. for Meas. v, 1, 48; Othello, i, 3, 105; Ham. v, 1, 279, and infer Shakespeare's usage of the two pronunciations of *conjure*.

52-60. Express in brief phrase the gist of all these *though* clauses.

78. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee. Schiller has it, — *Had I three ears, thou wouldst fill them*. In what tone does Macbeth utter these words? Where does he get his whimsey of *three ears*?

84. From what range of human interests are the figures in this line and in 99 taken? Refer to iii, 2, 49. Find other instances in the plays of metaphors drawn from the same source.

111. Come like shadows, so depart. *Come* is evidently used as in i, 3, 144.

On the subject of prophesying by means of a glass, see Meas. for Meas. ii, 2, 95.

122. What word in the line can best be expanded to fill the measure?

Reckon up the several metrically distinct forms in which the language of the scene is cast, considering the kind of rhythm, — as to whether it is iambic or trochaic, — the number of accents to the verse, and the presence or the absence of ryme. Are the speeches

of the witches consistently in the same verse-form, either in this scene, or in the play at large?

What change in Macbeth's feelings and purposes have the events of the scene produced? Explain the prophecies made by the witches in their bearings upon history. The play belongs to the year 1606. What motives did the poet therefore find in contemporary interest for letting his witches make such prophecies?

### Scene 2.

22. Each way and move. The expression seems singularly inept, but there is no help for it. Devise various ways of making the passage read satisfactorily without hurting the verse.

65-66. An instance of a clause in itself somewhat obscure made perfectly clear by its connection.

70. How would this infinitive be expressed in modern usage? Look up other instances of peculiar infinitives in the plays. See *Mac.* v, 2, 23; *Errors*, v, 1, 25; *Mac.* ii, 2, 73; iii, 2, 19; *Shrew*, iii, 2, 27; *M. of V.* i, 1, 154.

73. What other words similar in ending to *whither* have you had occasion to treat in the same way that you must treat this word here?

Compare, as to their dramatic purpose, the little boy's prattle with his mother, and the soliloquy of the porter at the time of the murder of Duncan. How is the immense tragical effectiveness of the scene produced?

Note where the language of the dialogue quits the verse-form. Does this change seem to you casual or designed? Give your reasons.

### Scene 3.

4. *bestride* is here used in a purely figurative sense, without any shade of its literal meaning, and signifies merely *protect*. The figure is derived from the act of a warrior standing over the body of a fallen friend to protect it from the enemy. See *bestride* in its literal sense, *Richard II.* v, 5, 79, and *Cymbeline*, iv, 4, 38; in its purely figurative sense again, 2 *Henry IV.* i, 1, 207; and in

its passage from the literal sense to the figurative, Errors, v, 1, 192. The Greek verb ἀμφιβαίνω developed the same secondary meaning, as in Iliad, i, 37.

8. yelled out like syllable of dolor. Careless readers, misapprehending the sense, and unused to the adjective *like* standing apart from its complement, are very apt to give to *like* in this passage the wrong inflection. See Winter's Tale, ii, 3, 189; Two Gent. i, 3, 69; Othello, ii, 1, 16. See also Paradise Lost, i, 527, and compare Comus, 634.

15. and wisdom To offer up, etc. What is it that is lacking to the phrase? Supply it.

19. may recoil in an imperial charge: may yield to such temptation as a sovereign may offer;—on the principle that every man has his price. Be careful where you put the stress of inflection in this sentence.

56. How many syllables has *devil* in this instance? Infer Shakespeare's usage in regard to this word from the following passages in this play:—i, 3, 107; ii, 2, 55; iii, 4, 60; iv, 3, 129; v, 3, 11; v, 7, 8. Look up Milton's practice:—P. L. i, 373; ii, 496; iii, 613; iv, 502; iv, 846; ix, 188; x, 878.

62. All continent impediments. On the meaning of continent compare L. L. Lost, i, 1, 262; Ant. and Cleo. iv, 14, 40.

80. Desire his jewels and this other's house. Describe this peculiar use of the pronoun. See the same idiom in Merch. of Ven. iv, 1, 54, 55; Sonnet xxix, 6.

89. portable: so in Lear, iii, 6, 115.

93. On the accent of *perseverance* compare Troi. and Cres. iii, 3, 150; Hamlet, i, 2, 92; Dream, iii, 2, 237.

97. The line may be read with six accents, or it may be reduced within the five-accent measure. How would you so reduce it?

135. At a point. See Coriol. v, 4, 64; Ham. i, 2, 200; Lear, i, 4, 347.

142. On the royal custom of *touching for the king's evil* see Macaulay's History, Chap. xiv, and the references he there gives to other sources of information.

The Shakespearian meaning of *presently* it is always necessary to bear in mind.

170. A modern ecstasy. In ii, 3, 2, we saw *old* used familiarly to amplify the meaning of a noun. Here, on the other hand, we have *modern* used seriously as a disparaging and belittling epithet. This is its invariable use in Shakespeare. See *As You Like It*, ii, 7, 156; *All's Well*, ii, 3, 2. It will be found to mean, — *commonplace, trivial, trite*.

*Ecstasy* here stands for a degree of mental excitement much below its wonted pitch of meaning in Shakespearian usage. See note on iii, 2, 22.

173. The *or* in the expression *or ere* must not be confounded with the disjunctive particle *or*, which, though having the same spelling, has a very different origin and history. The *or* in *or ere* is one of the forms into which the Old English *æer*, meaning *before*, developed in the Middle English period, and which is represented in Modern English by the first syllable of *early*, by the form *ere*, and by the superlative *erst*. The simple *or*, meaning *before*, is frequent in Chaucer, as in *Duchesse*, 228, —

For I ne might, for bote ne bale,  
Slepe, or I had red this tale,

and is clearly used at least once by Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, ii, 4, 14. The combination *or ever* appears in the Bible, — Or ever the silver cord be loosed, — and in *Hamlet*, i, 2, 183; and the combination *or ere* is in Shakespeare of more frequent occurrence. Dr. Murray regards the *ere*, thus used in connection with *or*, as a form of *ever*, the expression then being analogous to *whenever*, *however*, etc. Another explanation of the *ere*, in *or ere*, makes it the modern form of *or* itself, *or ere* thus being one word used twice in different forms. In either case the expression means simply *before*.

177. Look up the other places in the play where the word *children* occurs, and see if it is to be pronounced anywhere else as it must be here.

195. On the curious relation between the words *latch* and *catch* see Murray's *New Oxford Dictionary*, under *catch*.

225. naught that I am. See *Rom.* and *Jul.* iii, 2, 87; *Lear*, ii, 4, 136; *Proverbs* xx, 14.

236. What verb-form that is lost to modern English do you find here and in v, 2, 25, 27, 28?

240. Recall the very similar proverbial expression used earlier in the play by Macbeth.

## ACT V.

### Scene 1.

86. My mind she has mated. Remember that *mate* is two distinct words, differing widely in origin and meaning. See Shrew, i, 1, 58; 2 Hen. VI, iii, 1, 265.

✓ Can you give the poet's possible reasons for casting the dialogue of this scene in prose, and then for bringing back to verse the final speech of the doctor? Would you describe the tone of feeling in this scene as being raised above, or as being depressed below, the general level of the play?

### Scene 2.

3. Revenges. Compare Mac. iii, 1, 122; Lear, iv, 6, 35; Rich. III, iv, 1, 25; Pericles, i, 1, 74; Two Gent. i, 3, 48, 49; Hen. VIII, iii, 1, 68.

5. Excite the mortified man. Mortified has in the language of Shakespeare a meaning very different from its usual modern one. Infer the Shakespearian meaning from Macduff's description of Malcolm's mother, iv, 3, 109-111, and from the speeches of King, Longaville, Dumain, and Biron, in Love's Labor's Lost, i, 1, 1-48. See also Hen. V, i, 1, 26, and Merchant, i, 1, 82. The passage must be read as if there were an *even* before *the mortified*. Express in a single word the essential idea of the metaphor, the bleeding and the grim alarm. Why is the metaphor more effective than the single word?

8. file. Recall another instance of the use of this word in the same sense earlier in the play. Recall also a verb *file* with a wholly different meaning. For a third *file* see Twelfth Night, iii, 3, 5.

15. He cannot buckle his distempered cause Within the belt of rule. The passage becomes perfectly simple if we are entitled

to consider *cause* as meaning the collective body of partisans defending a cause. But though the word is common in Shakespeare, it is impossible to find another instance which this meaning will suit.

16-17. murders sticking on his hands. Recall the other instances in the play of the employment of this motive, and consider it as to its dramatic effectiveness.

### Scene 3.

11. loon, the same word as the one we find with a different spelling, Othello, ii, 3, 95, and Pericles, iv, 6, 19.

15. patch. Remember the character which Shylock gives Launcelot, and Puck's report to Oberon of the tricks he has played on Bottom and Titania.

20-28. What does this speech suggest as to the time that has been occupied by the events of the play? Have there been any distinct points in the play, at which considerable portions of time could be conceived as having elapsed?

Name the traits of character in Macbeth which this speech reveals.

35. *moe* horses. The form *moe*, or *mo*, from the Anglo Saxon indeclinable *mā*, existed in Elizabethan English side by side with *more*, from the declined comparative *māra*. The usage of Shakespeare's time tended to distinguish the two forms in meaning, making *moe* the comparative of *many*, and *more* the comparative of *much*. Alexander Gill, Milton's schoolmaster at St. Paul's, in a treatise on English grammar published in 1619, compared *many*, *moe* *most*, *much* *more* *most*. Shakespeare is consistent in his use of *moe*. See *Cæsar*, ii, 1, 72; *Tempest*, ii, 1, 133; *M. of V.* i, 1, 108; *Coriol.* ii, 3, 132.

*Skirr*. See the same word differently used, *Hen. V.* iv, 7, 64. See also line 56 below.

### Scene 4.

14-16. Show how the speech exhibits Macduff in strong contrast to Macbeth, whose career is being wrecked by the *security* that the witches, the instruments of darkness, have instilled in his mind.

## Scene 5.

1-28. Consider the subject of Macbeth's first speech, 1-7, and his mood of mind in it. Then note the course of thought to which he is led by hearing the cry of the women; and finally observe into what new channel his moralizings are turned by the announcement of the death of the queen, and in what temper he proceeds to speak. Do these speeches reveal to us the character of Macbeth in any more pleasing and human aspect than that in which we have hitherto seen it in the course of the play?

As the poet is notably loose in his use of the auxiliaries *should* and *would*, we are justified in reading line 17 as if it were, — *She would have died hereafter*. With this piece of moralizing compare the language of Brutus, *Jul. Cæs.* iii, 1, 100, 101.

11. my fell of hair. The only instance in which the poet applies the word *fell* to a human being; but see *As You Like It*, iii, 2, 55.

24. Allusions to the stage are frequent in the poet's works. Recall two others in earlier parts of this play.

• 42. In the expression, I pull in resolution, to what part of speech does *in* belong, and on what word must the chief accent of the clause be placed? From what action is the metaphor taken? Why do the readings that have been suggested, — *I pall* or *I pale*, in resolution, find favor with some editors? If we adopt either of the readings, *pall* or *pale*, where will the accent have to be placed? To what part of speech does *in* belong in that case?

• 51. The word *alarum* has an interesting origin. Consider its relation to *alarm*.

## Scene 6.

7. Make a collection of the various non-modern forms of conditional and interrogative sentences that you may meet with. See, e.g., besides this passage, ii, 1, 26; iii, 1, 26; iii, 1, 19.

## Scene 7.

1-2. The expression was evidently a familiar one to frequenters of the bear-garden. See *Lear*, iii, 7, 54.



11. Evidently, not all contractions that must be made in the reading are made obvious to the eye by the punctuation. Compare this line with line 5 above.

18. Compare Jul. Cæs. iv, 1, 23.

20. Compare As You Like It, i, 2, 256.

28. Explain the paradox.

### Scene 8.

1. Recall instances of such *Roman fools*.

9. the intrenchant air. Similarly, we have had *sightless*, i, 7, 23; *careless*, i, 4, 11; *sensible*, ii, 1, 36. What peculiarity have these adjectives in common? Compare Jul. Cæs. i, 3, 18.

34. damned be him. The Elizabethan public appears to have been quite indifferent in the matter of *cases*, provided the language remained clear. Do you see any metric difference between *be him* in this instance and *be he* in line 47 below?

41. See note on v, 7, 11.

42. Comment on the phrase, *unshrinking station*.

50. Knolled. See As You Like It, ii, 7, 114.

53. See note on iii, 1, 44.

64. See note on iv, 2, 70.

70. By self and violent hands. Examine the following passages, and make the necessary inference regarding the word *self*: Henry V, i, 1, 1; Errors, v, 1, 10; Cymb. i, 6, 122; Merchant, i, 1, 148; Richard II, iii, 2, 166; Lear, iv, 3, 36.

Immediately upon finishing a thorough study of the play in detail, it will be a good time to read it rapidly as a whole, in order to view its parts more closely in relation with each other, and to feel more profoundly, as a single impression, its great dramatic movement. In connection with this second reading, such questions as the following may be taken in hand, either for oral discussion in the class, or as topics for compositions by individual pupils: —

Is the play to be regarded as a tragedy of guilt or as a tragedy

of fate? Compare it in this respect with any other tragedies you have read, as with Cæsar, Hamlet, Lear, Othello.

Give in outline the career of Macbeth, showing the influences under which he changed from the Macbeth of the second scene of Act I to the demon of the end of the play.

For what real elements of human life may we consider the witches as standing? Contrast their influence upon Macbeth with their influence upon Banquo. What indications does Banquo show that the witches have had any effect on him at all?

Describe Macbeth as influenced by his wife and as sharing with her the guilt of crime. Does her career show, equally with his, an advance in criminality? In what form do we see retribution come to her?

Portray, so far as the play furnishes the necessary data, the character of Duncan. What traits of character does the play enable us to ascribe to Malcolm?

Compare the play of Macbeth with any other of the great tragedies you may have read, — as Lear, Othello, Hamlet, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, — as regards rapidity of movement, complication of plot, multiplicity of characters. Note also the relative length of Macbeth.

Make a list of the *birds* mentioned in this play, and describe the several purposes which these mentions are made to subserve.

Select several of the most impressive figures of speech you find in the play, and comment upon them, to show the reasons of their effectiveness.

Make a study of Shakespeare's diction, showing some of the causes of its marvellous power.

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FEB 6 1918

